

CARRIERS'

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

— TO THE PATRONS OF —

The Newport Daily News.

JANUARY 1, 1860.

The News! the News! there's magic in the sound:

Where'er that curious creature, man, is found,
In whatsoever tongue he speaks his thought,
Greek, German, Choctaw, Hebrew, Hottentot,—
And where, (if such there be,) men have no
speech,

But only grin, gesticulate and screech,—
Whether the heart beneath fine broadcloth beat,
Or breasts are bared to equatorial heat,—
Humanity, disguised by dirt or dress,
Its greed of novelty will still confess:
"Take hat, coat, trowsers, stockings, shirt and
shoes,

But keep, O keep not back the Daily News!"

The cit from slumber rises with a yawn,
He puts his dressing gown and slippers on,
Looks at the weather, snuggles by the stove,
Says to himself, "this fire feels good, by Jove!"
And as his tea he sips, his biscuit craves,
His eye devouring, meanwhile, the Daily News.

Patrons and friends! three hundred times or
more,

Since last we left our verses at your door,
(Our annual pittance from the "local" muse.)
The faithful carriers of the Daily News,
Sure as the morning name, through cold and
heat,

Through mud and dust, through rain and snow
and sleet,
Have trudged their round to let your eager
eyes

Behold "the living manners as they rise,"
To tell whose *single blessedness* was past—
Who final blessedness had found at last—
Where first-rate cheese and butter could be
found,

And what the price of raisins was per pound,—
Where for the toothache could be had relief,—
How on the Ferry Wharf they caught a thief—
How an old house had just been built up town,
And painted very tastily stone-brown,—
How they had renovated the old Jail,
And had some hopes the business would not fail,
And how the Sheriff, Constable and Mayor,
Arrested a suspicious non-tax-payer,—
And countless other items in our line,
For which see Daily News, year '59.

Yes, friends and patrons, it is time we said
Our solemn requiem for the year that's fled,
'Tis time we welcomed in with festal lay,
And wishes meet, a New Year's festal day.

Departed year! with what commingling swell
Of gratitude and grief we say farewell!
What public, private scenes of woe and shame,
What deeds of horror, crimes without a name,
And, thanks to Heaven, what gleams of holy
light,

God's mercy seen through sin's and sorrow's
night,—

What saddening memories and what hopes to
cheer,

Are fixed on high with thee, translated year!

When shall one land—this land of promise—be
The home of Light and Love and Liberty?

Oh when shall Justice, Temperance, Virtue,
Truth,
Crown age with glory and give charm to youth?

Welcome the omen bright! this year was born
Beneath the auspices of Sunday morn!
Will not the Prince of Peace at length come
down,

Our waiting, wearied hopes to bless and crown?

O named of Peace, fair Island home of ours!
Though oft the crested billow, threatening,
towers

And beats with angry roar and sullen shock
Along thy sea-wall of defiant rock—

That rampart-rock stands fast—and now the
roar
Of buffed billows dies upon the shore.

And so, my country, ever thus may'st thou,
(Though dark the clouds that lower above thee
now,) Stand, as a rock, to break each threatening
wave,

And lit a beacon light to guide and save.
May Peace, (pure Peace, twin-born with Liber-
ty,) Justice and Temperance, thy strong bulwarks
be.

"Here may the Press the people's rights main-
tain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain,
Here Sacred Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty and Law."

But shall we sing, old Newport, peace to thee,
That long hast slumbered by the murmuring
sea?

Yes, peace we wish thee, not inglorious ease,
Nor yet vain-glorious dreams, O no, not these!
But that true peace, the godlike peace that
springs

When o'er their passions men hold sway like
kings,

When all mean motives own high thought's
control,
And life and freedom purify the soul.

Should commerce never more be thine again,
Nor white-wing'd vessels scudding o'er the
main,

Then in thy place of beauty lift thine eyes,
And still hold commerce with the queenly
stars—

But if it be thy lot to blend once more
Thy energies with this world's busy roar,
If better fate to thee shall be allowed
Than mere tide-waiter ship to Fashion's crowd,
If yet the iron-horse, with snort of steam,
Come tramping in to break thy long, long dream,
O then, forget not them of old who here
Dreamed dreams that made thy name to Free-
dom dear,

Who here were cradled and whose glowing
youth

Burned incense here to beauty and to truth,
And may the dreams of those world-honored
ones,

Find even here fulfillment in their sons.

Patrons and friends, our lengthy song is done,
We owe you many thanks—you owe us none.

We wish you all A Happy New Year.